THE MISSIONARY

HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

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The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

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Our Cover Picture

is "The Soul's Awakening" by Sant. We believe it makes a good spring cover. For, just as Nature today is beginning to burst forth in bud and blossom, so the soul of this young woman is awaking to life in Christ.

We all have had our spring-time awakenings: moments when some verse or chapter in the Bible has flooded our minds with light on some life problem; when the meaning of life and our relation to it have dawned upon us; and when we have found a real life purpose under God.

Awakenings come to us in visions and voices at seasons when we are especially open to God's word and are ready to respond in spirit to His call.

This period of the world's history is one in case. Every serious mind is giving thought these days to the solution of the problem of world peace and to problems faced in a country like ours at this juncture. Is it too much to assert that people generally, and young people especially, are open to the truth about a Divine Deliverer as never before in our day and generation? Can we not agree with our Preaching Missionary—of whom we speak in the following pages—that the "mists are lifting," that "there is a new atmosphere," that "the people are being disillusioned" and are "longing for the very things we can give them?"

"I hear my people calling in cot and mine and slum.

No field or mart is silent, no city street is dumb.

I see my people falling, in darkness and despair:

Whom shall I send to shatter the fetters which they bear?"

As the late Dr. Harry Peabody put it, "It is a challenging task to preach the timeless gospel of Christ—the only gospel that can save the nations." It is the task of the day.

So then, brethren, with the purifying, energizing lessons of Lent and Easter to give us new faith and zeal, and at a season peculiarly adapted to soul awakenings, shall we not set ourselves to our great mission of Christian evangelism and education.

It is at this season that we stress particularly the work of our Home Board of Missions—our sole missionary agency for the awakening and culture of souls and lives in America.

We major in the work of that Board in this April issue.

The religious motivation for all our homeland work is brought out in our first article on "Our Preaching Missionary." This Pastor-at-Large of our Church Extension Division sets the pace for the rest of the issue. Be sure to get the message of the man and his work.

Our Preaching Missionary

By Enoch F. Bell

When he is not out on the road being a friend to man, he is at his home on East Gowen Avenue in the city of Brotherly Love. He had been for eleven and a half years an enterprising minister there when, just thirteen years ago, he "answered the summons of the Home Boards to undertake the work of Preaching Missions."

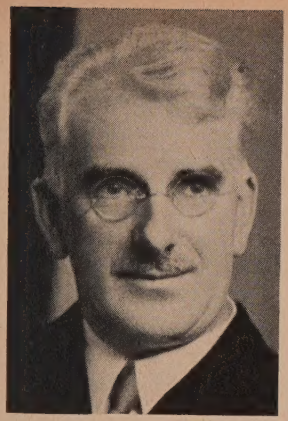
Though I had been hearing of him for many years, I never got next to him until this last January at the Midwinter Meeting in Evanston. His voice attracted me—I am always looking for fellows with whom I can enjoy a bit of close harmony—and from then on I grew so interested in the man and his work that I asked him to give me an interview, so to speak, for the readers of the Herald. Somehow I felt that you, as much as myself, would like to have this glimpse into the work of the Preaching Missionary of our Home Board.

And this is what I gleaned for you:—

James R. Clinton is his name. Though a citizen of America today, he cannot hide the fact, nor does he wish to, that he was born in the north of Ireland "where the Irish are more British than the British themselves." He tells me, too, that Mrs. Clinton is from the old country. "She is a Donegal girl and the mother of six outrageously Irish bairns." One of his sons, Kenneth, is at the Andover Newton Theological School and is serving the Congregational Church in Rowley, Massachusetts, where he will be ordained in June following his graduation.

Dr. Clinton's work and record in the downtown parish of the Central Congregational Church of Philadelphia led to his call to this special Preaching Mission Program under our Congregational-Christian Home Boards.

Since his appointment in April, 1937, as "Pastor-at-Large" under the Extension Division of the Board of Home Missions, Dr. Clinton has been constantly engaged in conducting Preaching Missions in North Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Michigan, the Dakotas, Indiana, and, in fact, in a score of states. As he puts it, he has learned in whatsoever state he is, therein to be content. Certainly he stands ready to adjust himself to the needs of the local situation. As a tireless worker, he asks little in the way of comforts for himself. He has done his witnessing for Christ and the gospel of life in church services, mission circles, youth group meetings, conferences with



Dr. Clinton

church officials, high school and college gatherings, civic service clubs, and summer schools. He has conducted at least seventy-five radio services with audiences that no man could number. He has specialized in spiritual interpretations in song.

He has ever sought to lead the careless to Christ; to recover lost spiritual experience; to clarify the gospel message for our day; to sharpen religious conviction; and to deepen the sense of church responsibility among members and in the community. He gives special attention to the permanence of such inspiration as may come to churches through these visits. "The grace of steady continuance is urged in all our efforts to reach spiritual verdicts and committals."

And what deductions does he make from this period of thirteen years of service as Pastor-at-Large, as Missionary Preacher? He has jotted them down for you and me:

Everywhere he has found "the fields white not only in snow but also in spiritual wistfulness and response." Where cross the crowded ways of life he has "encountered the indifference of advantage, the wiry entanglements of prejudice, the harrowing customs that paralyze." Yet in this "wilderness of brass," as he calls it, he has "been deeply moved by the grace of steady continuance found over prairie desolations and mountain solitudes" and by the "marvelous magic of loyalty in the courageous wrestling with problems amid the great loneliness of the city."

This Pastor-at-Large sings the praises of our missionaries and their work. "The history of our Church," he says, "in this and other lands is a *glorious chapter of missionary enterprise.* Our missionaries have brought multitudes face to face with Jesus Christ—and let me say in passing, the future of this country and of the world lies with those who are best adapted to do this. They have purified literature, pioneered and established educational centers, reformed the nation's manners, rescued the Sabbath day, quickened the churches, saved the country from revolution, and organized and inspired the work we are proud of today."

The People, Lord, the People!

Dr. Clinton, however, finds "vast areas of spiritual destitution" in the America of today. "Ninety years ago our population was around twenty-three millions. The census this year will probably show six times that figure. There are more unevangelized millions in America today than when Edwards, Finney, and Whitefield each in his own way proclaimed the New Testament Evangel. I have visited townships of fifteen hundred with just one church where seldom more than forty people can be assembled at the stated hour of worship on Sunday morning, three per cent of the community.

"Are we missing the masses? There are multitudes over this land who might well say that 'no man careth for my soul.' We need a new arousal in behalf of the masses. The people of our great cities and those who live in our villages and on the countryside must be won for Christ and imbued with His spirit. And this work goes to the very roots of everything in our national life. I feel, too, we are missing the folk we call the classes. I sometimes wonder whether the privileged wealthy in their gaiety, luxury, and spiced sensationalisms are not the most neglected people on the face of the earth. It would be an interesting discussion which is the greater problem, the suburb or the slum. At any rate, there is no mistaking the seriousness of the situation.

"Is it nothing to you? Does it hurt us to think of unshepherded crowds, of vast stretches of America where paganism is creeping back, where millions of children are growing up out of touch with Sunday School training, where the habit of worship among adults seems to be vanishing before our eyes?

"But it is just here that the greatness of our opportunity comes in. It is amazing. It is unparalleled. It is our business to get the people back, to save them for themselves, for Christ and the Church.

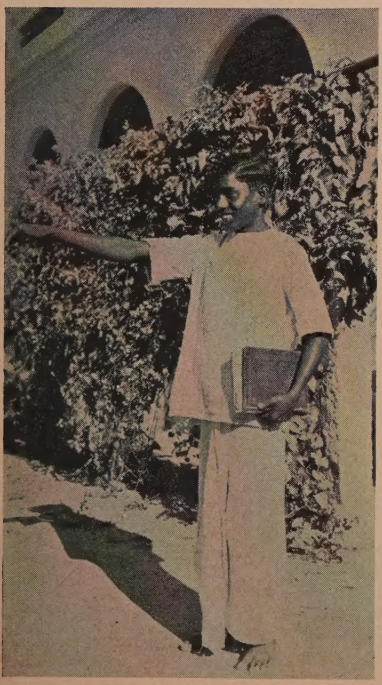
"'The people, Lord, the people!' They are being disillusioned. They are longing for the very things we can give them. The mists are lifting. There is a new atmosphere. The time has come to scrap everything that hinders and go for everything that helps. If we set out to win the people we can.

"And the duty, the privilege does not rest with ministers and missionaries. It belongs to every member of the body of Christ. Evangelism is not a profession; it is a passion. All of us, pulpit and pew alike, must be filled with a passion for the people. The Church of Christ will never be worthy of the name until it comes to be a settled point of

(*Please turn to page 42*)

Camera News

By
Dorothy P. Cushing



Ruth, sweet 16, receives literacy charts from Mrs. Ruth P. White, Manamadura, India. The students voluntarily teach village folks to read in vacation time.

•

Sivanandy, a Hindu lad, not only taught literacy, but cleaned up his village and is here telling how he taught the people to pray as do his Christian friends.

The interior of China challenges Dr. C. L. Gillette, Pagoda Anchorage, China. His hospital is busier than ever. Each day brings from the civilian population, one or more victims of bombs.

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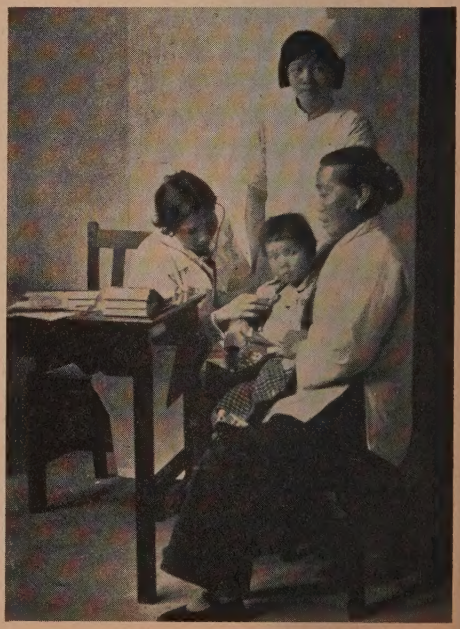
APPREHENSIVE

Grandma has brought a little patient to Dr. Helena Wang of Willis F. Pierce Hospital, Foochow. Dr. Wang is now in America at Tulane University School of Medicine under a Mary Putnam Jacoby scholarship.



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The Chinese say, "One picture worth 1000 words." Foochow Mission, spring 1939, dramatizes needs.

First row (left to right): Mrs. Christian, Lucy Lanktree, Martha Wiley, Susan Armstrong, Laura Ward, Lois Topping, Mrs. Newell, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Topping. Second row: G. M. Newell, Hazel Atwood, Mrs. Bingham, Alice Tapley, W. H. Topping, C. L. Gillette, E. H. Smith, Helen Smith, Albert Faurot. Back row: Brewster Bingham, A. O. Rinden, L. J. Christian.

MR. AND MRS. E. WALTER SMITH, who sail in August to Foochow, will fill the pastor's chair. The Smiths are to be the missionaries of the First Congregational Church, Worcester, Mass., and Mr. Smith will be ordained in that church in June. MISS MARY F. BUCKHOUT'S is the third picture. She arrived in Foochow in September, 1939, and filled the teacher's chair.

Not many of our missions, with their urgent reinforcement needs (50 new missionaries), are faring as well as Foochow. The budget of the American Board permits the sailing of only 13 when and if secured.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A sample of the scores of bomb shelters in Foochow City, China. This is at Fairy Bridge Women's School where a good-sized rice "soup kitchen" is now being conducted for the most needy.

YOU'RE WRONG!

Chikore School girls, Chikore, East Africa, are doing their arithmetic!!

Up Hill and Down in Puerto Rico

By James E. Walter

VISITING our churches in Puerto Rico involves climbing mountains as well as touring the lowlands.

One of our most delightful mornings was spent "out on the Island" (anywhere beyond metropolitan San Juan). Automobile tires ventured their limit. Then we hiked. After walking up a little hill through tobacco fields and silver-topped sugar cane, we met a Sunday School class leader at a neighborhood store. There was no sign announcing a "supermarket." A rough counter and a few palm tree shelves completed the interior fixtures. Six bottles of Bay Rum Alcolado, a basket of small eggs and some native roots made up his stock of merchandise.

The class leader had brought ponies to carry us up the steep, rocky paths. The native animals zigzagged in figure eight fashion to keep their footing. Frequent rests meant many vistas of rolling fields graced with waving sugar cane that looked like thousands of tinselled Christmas trees under a canopy of azure blue heaven just this side of more blue waves.

The traveler is never beyond a stone's throw of a thatched hut. Most Puerto Ricans are farmers. Many have lost their land to banks through foreclosure. For the most part, the fertile valleys belong to the large sugar "centrals." As a result, many families are seeking to eke out an existence on the well-washed mountain sides.

The mountain top seemed a natural place for a chapel. An energetic minister serves four similar parishes every week. The class leader reported that one hundred and twenty-five people crowd into the small chapel for Bible study. Lay leadership plays an important part in the life of these communities. The midweek meetings give these younger disciples a chance to take steps at their own speed. These mountain peasants hunger and thirst for righteousness.

Our Puerto Rican pastors manifest a discipline of character and a compassion for lowly people. Their parsonages stand out as clean homes. Preachers, like other Puerto Ricans, have big families. Before preaching at Humacao one Sunday evening, I chanced to ask Reverend Carlos P. Gonzalez, "How many children have you?" He replied, "Three and one-half dozen." Even though I had met the father of twenty-nine children on Saturday, my countenance must have registered amazement at this new record of forty-two. Oranges and eggs count in dozens but P.Ks. seldom come this way. However, my arithmetic had been misled.

Pastoral calling in the slums of Humacao

The preacher really meant three AND one-half dozen. Even nine plus two make up a daily table that is larger than many of our holiday gatherings. Parsonage boxes for large families in Puerto Rico are sorely needed. Our ministers receive modest salaries, yet their homes are demonstrations of neatness and a successful fight against tropical animal life.

Our churches also concern themselves with the masses who crowd into city slums. Streets are often no more than little alleyways five feet wide. Match-box huts serve as headquarters for prolific families. In the midst of horribly unsanitary conditions even the casual observer quickly notices the differences in a church home. Chairs may be feeble orange-box crates but the furniture has the dignity of good arrangement and cleanly care. The lady of the house may be a Blanche Kellogg graduate. There she learned that washing dishes and making beds is not a disgrace but an honorable service in the maintenance of a healthy, happy home.

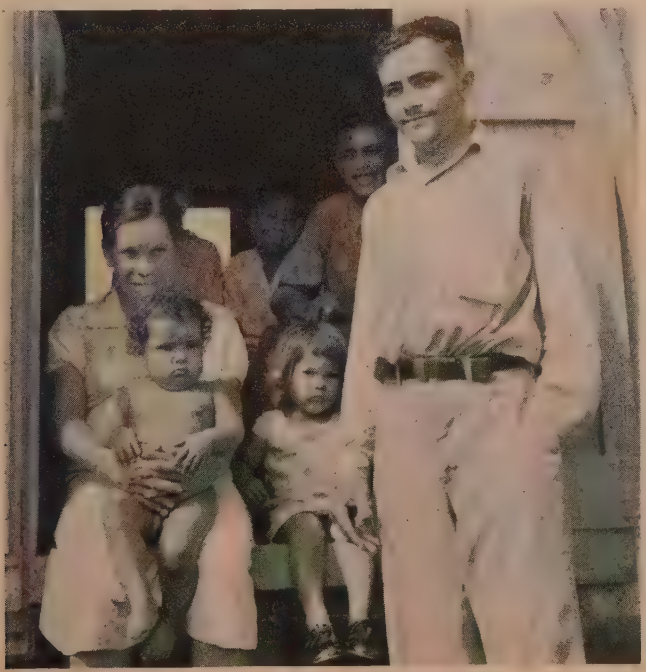
Perhaps the one room elevated on stilts provides shelter for a

teacher or labor leader who first found his stimulus in the teachings of Christ. His home is in the midst of the common people who have only three to five months of work a year. His neighbors all feel the pinch of low incomes. On all of these streets the pastor of our church is a familiar figure. He knows names and conditions. His prayers and all of his daily energies are poured into the crucible of their common lot.

Every year the river floods the slum area of Humacao. Just as American wives plan on housecleaning, so these women await the time when muck and silt will threaten their homes. Old Man River may come two or six feet above the top of their steps. The well-equipped home has a rack near the roof for packing bedclothes and furniture. Fortunately tropical sunshine is an abundant disinfectant.

Under the leadership of Superintendent Charles I. Mohler, the former Congregational, Christian and United Brethren churches are demonstrating the possibilities of organic church union in the vigorous life of the United Evangelical Church of Puerto Rico.

This proud father is also storekeeper and Bible class leader



Toward a World Church

A NEW six-syllable word is echoing from our pulpits—ecumenicity. It is the watchword of those who would build the scattered forces of Christianity into a world church.

The time has come for such a movement. The automobile has shattered the self-complacency of the neighborhood and revealed the likableness of those who live afar. The radio brings to our ears both the music and the public personalities of all lands. War has taught us that the nations of the world are hopelessly interdependent. Slowly but surely we are learning that the welfare of each is the concern of all. The horizons of mankind grow ever broader.

We are weary of wearing little labels. Partisanship in politics and sectarianism in religion are on the wane. We are coming to think of ourselves as world citizens whose deepest loyalties do not center in a man-made church but in Christ.

The dream of a world church stirs our imagination. We yearn for a movement which will rise above the barriers of creed, of social distinctions, of language and of race. Not a sectarian but a universal Christianity will inspire our deepest devotion.

The only sure foundation for a world church is a common dedication to a common purpose. Pleasant conversations between distinguished leaders may facilitate mutual understanding, but true unity can only be achieved through united action.

For over a century, missions have been preparing the way for a world church. They have been the most effective force for making the individual Christian conscious of the existence and needs of those of other lands. To thousands of little churches they have given a sense of world responsibility. Most of the internationalism to be found in our land is a by-product of missionary effort.

Missions have also been a means of drawing the various denominations together. As they face common problems they tend to make common cause together. Far more organic unity has been achieved abroad than at home. The reason is simple; it is not words, but action, which draws men together. In missions we have applied Christianity, and it is this which will give us a world church.

Two current tendencies in missions are speeding the cause of ecumenicity.

A century and more ago, the churches were unwilling to accept responsibility for the missionary movement which was then getting underway. The stalwart souls who believed in the world mission of Christianity were compelled to set up societies and boards to

do the work which the churches themselves refused to undertake. Today that situation has reversed itself. The boards are now the agencies of the churches; tomorrow their names will pass into history, but their work will go forward under the direction of a world conscious church.

Missions began at a time when the distinctions between the have's and the have-not's were much more omnipresent than they are today. Fortunately, paternalism is giving way to mutuality. An increasing measure of spiritual inspiration is coming to our churches from the Christian leaders of so-called mission lands, thus speeding the day when the various nations will stand on an equal footing in the world church.

For the ordinary church, the path to ecumenicity lies along the highway of missionary interest. Only a handful of our ministers and fewer yet of the laity can attend the great international and inter-faith conferences. No very successful way of popularizing the findings of these gatherings has yet been discovered. But the door is wide open for every church to participate in the task of making Christian influences more effective both in the nation and the world. One cannot support the work of missions intelligently without living in a larger world. Here is the practical way to build the world church for which we all yearn.

Eight graduates plus two missionaries

Volunteers for Christ in China

By Lucy Eldredge

I REACHED Tungchow just in time to share in the joy of the candlelight service and commencement of the School for Volunteer Workers. Forty-two students, thirty men and twelve women, attended the 1939 session for five weeks. There were courses in Bible, Religious Education, Church History and Psychology. Methods of almost every conceivable sort were included from Sunday School work to Home Health, Worship and Play; from Drama, to Raising Chickens. Students and leaders came from country areas of the province of Hopei and from Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational-Christian Churches.

Everyone was excited and happy. Harry Martin helped us to understand what was happening. The organist began to play; the clear voice of an unseen reader read passages of Scripture. A quartette from Jefferson Academy sang "Light of Life Enlighten Me." Mr. Liu, one of the Chinese delegates to Madras, lighted the candle of the Church of China and sang:

"These things shall be—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes."

The head of rural church work lighted the candle for the class and sang "Oh, Save My Country

Lord." Then one by one the forty-two members of the class came forward. Each lit a candle before his own station on the map. Each read his personal covenant, written on a sheet of paper, decorated with a cross, a vine and a lighted candle. Each received the blessing of the pastor. All was in the Chinese language, of course.

The next day eight joyful students received diplomas. One of their number from Paoting-fu gave the commencement address. He told them to have faith of the kind that would move mountains. He reminded them to love God and their neighbors and to take time for devotional life. He warned them to separate right from wrong. He exhorted them to work, to meet their responsibilities, to let their light shine, with the unique counsel to make sure not to have malarial churches, hot one day and cold the next. Then the class sang together with much enthusiasm "Church of China, Arise and Stand." Rowland Cross translated one verse:

"May Christ come, guiding his chosen people
The saints in all things united
Of one heart and with mutual aid
Speeding forward, quick as flight†
Church of East Asia,
Established luxuriantly,
Hallelujuh resounds
Self-established
Self-supported
Self-governed
Self-proclaimed
All mortals belonging to Holy Jesus." Amen.

Then came the benediction and an exchange of farewells to match the last day of an American summer conference. They started back almost at once to their churches. I learned how much one can carry on one bicycle! I learned other things. Volunteer Chinese Christian workers return to difficult places with matchless joy and courageous zeal. They go strengthened by fellowship with their own leaders and missionary friends. This is a growing, invincible partnership for Christ.

TILLOTSON PICTURES AVAILABLE

A set of eight enlarged photographs (8 x 11½) showing both the campus and student activities of Tillotson College, Austin, Texas, may be borrowed from the Missions Council at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, upon payment of the carrying charges.

The Church and the Conscientious Objectors

Ronald Bridges—Sanford, Maine
(Prepared at the request of the Council for Social Action)

WHERE the appeal to conscience is made, as it usually is in cases of revolution, there is the certainty of other men of conscience receiving opposite direction from prayer, meditation, and intelligent thought. The right to revolution, as it is called, admits of a corollary right of opposition and suppression. Technically, the conscientious objector is just one more revolutionary.

It is not our purpose to discuss the evil of war and the wisdom of folly of conscientious objection to it. Rather it is to inquire what our church is going to do about the conscientious objector from its own ranks if the question is unhappily made poignant by this country's entry into combat with another. As Rufus Jones relates, the Friends were caught unprepared in 1914 without plan, program, or clear principle. As a religious group they were known to be opposed to war, but they had not clarified their position; and every Quaker drew his own line beyond which he would not go in supporting the war. The resulting inconsistencies encouraged examiners to regard the attitude as a delusion and provided good leverage in upsetting the convictions of sincere objectors. Nevertheless, the Friends, because of their two and one-half centuries of nonresistance, were in a far better position at that time than our church body is today to declare and protect the rights of the conscientious objector. It would seem to be the part of prudence for the Congregational-Christian churches to plan ahead a little against the possibility of war coming to the United States.

First of all, what legal rights has the objector? As a violator of law he has at least the minimum allowed a murderer, rapist or racketeer: He has the right of counsel, the privilege of attendance by a cleric of his faith, and the constitutional protection against "cruel and unusual" punishments. Despite the certainty that some civil procedures will be abrogated, these rights are so fundamental that they belong even to a condemned man in war time.

That is really what the conscientious objector is from the start—a condemned man. No trial in the ordinary sense is necessary, for he not only pleads his guilt—he asserts it. What follows, properly, is the effort of the government to determine (1) if his objection to war is truly

a matter of conscience, and not a devious effort at dodging military service, and (2) what to do with the individual if he is unshakable in his objection. The obligation of the church does not begin at this late point, although it comes here into the spot-light. The records show that all save a very few intellectual objectors take their stand on Christian principles. If the church—the denomination—as a body adopts the conscientious objector position, it considerably simplifies the problem of the individual conscientious objector even though his treatment may not be mitigated. But whether or not the church takes a conscientious objector position, it would seem to have an obligation to the member who had found in that Christian fellowship authority for his radical position.

It is doubtful if the Congregational-Christian denomination will forbid its members to participate in war. Of all the commonly recognized communions in this country, only the Mennonites and the Amish go so far. They would plainly come under the terms of that section of the proposed Industrial Mobilization Plan which reads:

> "Nothing contained in this Act shall be construed to require or compel any person to serve in a *combatant* capacity in any of the public armed forces of the United States, who is found to be a member of any *well-recognized* religious sect whose creed or principles *forbid* its members to participate in war *in any form*, if the *conscientious* holding of such belief by such person shall be established under such *regulations* as the President may prescribe; but no such person shall be relieved from service in such capacity as the President may declare to be *noncombatant*."

Our denomination would not seem to qualify under the state as things now stand. What can we do? The Executive Committee of the General Council passed the following vote on January 31, 1940, in Evanston, Illinois.

> "Whereas it is a primary article of the Christian faith that every person shall be free to worship and to serve God as his conscience dictates, a Christian has the right in obedience to his conscience to refuse to render military service to the state:
>
> "Therefore, be it resolved that the Executive Committee of the General Council provide a means to such members of the Congregational and Christian Churches who are conscientious objectors to register their convictions with the General Council, while the nation is at peace."

Above the Cazenovia, New York, young people's conference flies the church flag

A common registry will be provided at denominational headquarters and the names filed with the government at the beginning of war. This is a wise proposal. It will give the conscientious objector a record prior to the outbreak of war. He will have a status similar in nature to objectors from other denominations.

Just what this procedure will accomplish further is uncertain. There are several obvious complications. In the first place, there may be the danger of indiscriminate registering by persons whose motives are not prompted by dictates of conscience. The status of the genuine conscientious objector and the dignity of the church will suffer if such use is made of the registry. Furthermore, advance registration may prove embarrassing because of changes of attitude at the outbreak of war. "*This* war is different" will serve people next time just as it did last time, and reversals of position on the part of some who had registered would undoubtedly make for extra pressure on the others.

In addition to considering this proposal of registration, our church should consider setting up a large committee who will be prepared to act as counsel or provide counsel for our conscientious objector as soon as he comes into conflict with governmental regulation, to serve as "friend of the court" in the examination by the government and to follow the conscientious objector after his case is disposed of to see that he does not suffer "cruel and unusual" treatment.

The final question, in the case of the individual conscientious objector, is what to do with him for the duration of the war. Even in the absolutist states of Europe, few objectors in the last war were shot and none were so treated in the United States. The United States statutes contemplate a noncombatant service for the objector when his religious convictions have been demonstrated. President Wilson deferred interpretation of that term a long time and finally made it include every branch of the service from commissary to engineers where the business of killing was not the prescribed function. To a very few objectors that definition sufficed. And here is the headache of the Protestant principle, the right of the individual conscience. Some objectors would serve in uniform; some would not. Some would perform services of mercy (Red Cross—ambulance work, etc.), but refused to do anything more directly concerned with warfare. One would do agricultural work, but not to feed soldiers; another would refuse to feed civilians because the food would go to those supporting the war in civilian capacities, and, anyway, whatever they produced as food released other food to go to the fighting forces. And so it went with a thousand distinctions drawn at the direction of a thousand consciences. The result was an anarchy of principle, a Donnybrook Fair of claims and counterclaims. The church can do a great service in the days before the storm by validating some kinds of noncombatant service, if such service is by general agreement desirable for the conscientious objector. Otherwise the Gordian knot should be cut by both government and church by ignoring all distinctions, leaving incarceration—prison or internment camps—the only solution.

It must be borne in mind that the government is composed of human beings with normal human impulses. It may be assumed that they intend to do the right thing "as God gives them to see the right." In 1917, President Wilson, Secretary of War Baker, and most of the army officers who had to deal with the conscientious objector, made an earnest effort to deal with the problem in reasonable fashion. They were willing, indeed, for intelligent assistance from the church when it came in the spirit of humble helpfulness and not in a spirit of cavil and reproach. The next war will probably find men of similar temper in the seats of authority. The Congregational-Christian program for the conscientious objector should not only take the government into account, but should be worked out with some measure of governmental coöperation to the end of bringing all light available to bear upon an exceedingly difficult question.

After 58 Years

OLD houses are fascinating—especially when the right people live in them.

This one was almost a mansion. The drive climbed a steep grade to an extensive lawn. A porch went half way around the house, with a porte-cochere almost wide enough for two carriages at once. Nearly every window projected at an original angle. One felt as though he were back in the nineties when rocking chairs and porch swings were in the height of their glory.

"This isn't the sort of a place where an old preacher should live—especially when he has a pension from the Division of Ministerial Relief," Mr. R. explained in a voice that suggested a Scotch ancestry. "It's the boyhood home of my son-in-law. He's letting me live here rent-free to look after the property until it is rented, sold or pulled down. That way it costs me less than if I rented a room somewhere."

As such places are rarely rented and never sold—especially when located on the edge of small towns—we did not feel that our friend would ever be under any compulsion to seek a new address. Somehow the man and the house matched. Both were old, large, rich in memories and in an excellent state of preservation.

"You know I'm a real 'Presbygationist,' " Mr. R. explained. "I've had 29 years in the Congregational ministry and 29 in the Presbyterian, counting the 11 which have come and gone since I retired.

"As a Congregationalist I moved around more than after I transferred to the kirk of my ancestors. I had two churches in Vermont and two in Massachusetts. I knew Calvin Coolidge both in Vermont and in Massachusetts. My shortest pastorate was really my best one. The church was small, the people were not rich, but an astonishing number of their boys and girls have made their mark in the world.

"At the age of 83 I'm just a shell of a man. I used to really take care of this place, but about all I can manage now is to rake the leaves. It takes a lot of Christian grace to grow old!"

Back in New York we discovered a number of things about our rather salty friend. Under our comity arrangement with the Presbyterians he was receiving proportionate grants from both boards. He had once been in-

vited to preach as candidate before the First Church of Hartford, Connecticut, but either his modesty or his inferiority complex had led him to tell them not to take him seriously. Since his retirement he has served for two two-week periods as chaplain of the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks.

Once he wrote to the Board: "There is an old parish of mine in the hills of Vermont which to me is the symbol of the beauty, intelligence and generosity of all the folk who so kindly think of those whose steady work is done, but who are still privileged to go here and there at times in His Name and in His Service."

While preparing a talk on the religious side of Bobbie Burns, he unearthed the following gem which he sent to the Board as a proper expression of his sentiments: "What a pity the emotions of gratitude are so impotent in this world."

Foreign Flashes

A Bible Shortage

As fast as Bibles can be delivered from the bindery they are eagerly bought up, reports the China Bible House, whose Shanghai sales rooms are close to a new student center. The third edition this year has gone to press and yet unfilled orders are piling up. Chinese and Americans alike say the war has given the people far and wide a new appreciation of what the Christian Church means to China. Mrs. W. A. Hemingway, who is working with more than 600 refugees reports a continuous shortage of "coal and Bibles." Throughout the country, people in the villages and in the refugee camps are studying the Bible.

He Cleansed Them

Leper Sunday was a great day for the patients in the Dayapuram Leper Hospital at Manamadura, South India. From far-away England came a radio message from the Secretary of the Indian Mission to Lepers. The gaily decorated church was crowded with nearly 300 patients. Songs were sung. Testimonies were given. "We who have been despised and rejected of men have found new life and hope," said one man. "I came here two years ago," testified a young woman. "No one knows with what tears and distress I came. And now I can never begin to tell the blessings that I have received here."

Twelve Cents a Day

In the villages of India, Christians live in mud huts with thatched roofs of palm leaves. The men work in the fields for a wage which is often barely twelve cents a day. The women and the old men make palm leaf baskets which sell for two cents, but which often take two days to make. In the face of such poverty it is difficult to push village churches towards the goal of self-support.

"Thanks, God!"

"I have studied in this school nearly a week. It is for me the beginning of a new life. I feel very cheerful about my future. The air of the college is bright like sunshine. Everywhere is light and happiness. The school is a big happy family without even a little quarrel. Oh! how lucky I am that I can be a member of this family in China's hard time. Thanks, God!" This is from a freshman in Yenching University, which has adopted the motto, "And, having done all, to stand" and is still carrying on in Peking.

Beyond Fear

A well-to-do Chinese villager rose to speak in a Christian meeting. "During the troubles I was tremendously frightened with no peace day or night. I feared that some of my family might be taken for ransom. Then one day the Bible woman said to me, 'There is only one way to overcome fear and that is to pray.' 'I don't know how,' I said. 'I will teach you,' she said. So we knelt and I learned what prayer really meant. At home I told my wife what I had heard. Our family has prayed together every day since. When the bandits would come to our village we were not afraid of them and they did not take any of us. Now I believe in God to whom I have learned to pray and I want to join the church."

Always the Poor Pay

Even undeclared war can no longer be localized. Germans who fled to India because they were Jews are now in concentration camps because they are Germans! "We do not know what part India will take in the war," writes Miss Oline B. Nicholson of Madura, "but Gandhi has said that the Congress policy will be not to resort to violence even to save the country. Our poverty will be increased if prices go up while wages stay down. In that case it is not easy to say what our villagers will do." Already it is reported that the cost of living is soaring, not only in India, but also in China, Japan and the Near East.

A Rising Tide

Religious interest is increasing among the 2,000 boys enrolled in Yu Ying Academy in North China. Chapel and Bible study classes are well attended. Last year 30 students volunteered to conduct free summer schools for underprivileged boys and girls. Five teachers went to the Yenching University Summer Religious Institute.

RURAL LIFE SUNDAY
April 28
(The fifth Sunday after Easter)

Suggestions for an appropriate observance may be secured by writing to:

Town and Country Department
The Board of Home Missions
287 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Chicago's Store Front Churches

By Thomas Alfred Tripp

If churches are evidence of religion, Chicago's South State Street is probably the most pious thoroughfare in the country. Although there is not a single conventional church building on the street, it would require a rather active adding machine to compute the meeting places of religious groups between 22nd and 71st Streets—and every week one would get a different total. Sometimes there are half a dozen to a block. Every vacant store in a region where retail business is on the decline is an invitation for some one to start a church.

State Street is the Broadway of four-fifths of Chicago's quarter million Negroes. From 22nd to 71st Streets "Bronzeville" extends two blocks west to the New York Central–Rock Island tracks and a varying distance towards Lake Michigan. Here poverty and crowded living conditions have created a culture which breeds disease, vice, crime and emotional religion.

The windows of these store front churches often display the "wares" of religious groups instead of the goods previously offered by the grocer, butcher or plumber. The windows are usually covered to shut out the view from the street in a manner which reminds one of the old-time saloon. Some use paint or cheap curtains. Others have only newspapers over the windows and doors. Occasionally one finds a pathetically executed religious design or figure.

It is not always easy to distinguish the churches from the remaining stores. "Jesus Saves" may occur on one door and "Esso Saves Your Motor" on the next. The name of the former business has not always been completely erased. One door has a cross and a Coca Cola sticker. A place of worship has succeeded a refreshment parlor!

The Missionary Baptist, African Methodist Episcopal, Church of God and Spiritualist bodies predominate. Others use "Pentecostal" or "Apostolic" in their names. The Bible appears in the nomenclature of many.

Typical of the names of these store front churches are: Church of God, Church of God in Christ, Church of God and Saints of Christ, Holy Church of the New Day, Bible Witness Mission, Universal Hagars Spiritual Temple—No. 1, The Greater Macedonian Baptist, Pleasant Gift Missionary Baptist, Purple Rose Mystical Temple, First Timothy Baptist and The Righteous Supreme Temple of God. Everything is represented excepting possibly

the Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarians and the Ethiopian Overcoming Holy Church of God!

The functions of the store front churches are often indicated by their bulletins in the windows. The Ethiopian World Federation, Inc., Local No. 10, invites clients to come in to "consult the wisdom of the Coptic Priest on the inside" regarding the matters of daily life and the future. Many give office hours of the pastor who is available for weddings, funerals and for counsel on business and love affairs—apparently for a fee. A few announce a schedule of activities and give a list of organizations, but preaching has the most prominent place in all of them.

Store front churches multiply freely. Professor Samuel C. Kincheloe, who has made a series

Vacant stores invite religious ventures

Religion and business go together on South State Street

of valuable studies of Chicago Negroes, points out that anyone who feels "called" may start one of these churches. He estimates the average store front church membership to be only thirty or forty. Their untrained ministry, their loose organization and their dependence on preaching as practically their only parish technique, limit their appeal. These churches are frequently short-

lived but others arise to take their places. Occasionally one develops the ambition to become the "mother church" of a new "denomination."

Services are emotional, loud and evangelistic. They often last for three hours or more. Worshippers come when they please, but usually in time for the "rousements." The Church of God and Saints of Christ announce services, "Sabbath 10 a.m. until sundown."

The congregations sing and sway without the use of song books. One pastor announced, "Now we will sing two verses of one of Brother Blank's *hot numbers*. Open your mouths and sing, Children. Sing it!" The response was hearty and complete.

Offerings are important. One church was observed to take six. Announcements are long and usually given in relays by several ministers and officers. These notices include church activities, information on employment opportunities and announcements of places for rent.

The sermon is a loud barrage of words accompanied by exclamations of "amen," "blessed Jesus," "praise the Lord," "hallelujah" and like expressions at the height of the services. Hysterical persons are allowed to jump, roll or lie until their spell wears off.

Prayer is an ordeal participated in by all present. One person begins to pray amid the shouts and groans of everyone else. Another may take up the prayer when the first one finishes or several may be praying at the same time. The first lull is the occasion for more singing.

(Next month Mr. Tripp will discuss other phases of the religious life of Chicago's Negroes.)

Children's Day Material

The Lord's Prayer, interpreted in living pictures, is a program prepared by Louise Triplett for use in the Franklin Street Church of Manchester, New Hampshire. The emphasis is upon music and tableaux rather than upon spoken parts.

What Happened to You? is a realistic and dramatic portrayal of the experiences of young people in Student Summer Service in the West, South and New England, by Max Webster.

Either service complete with orders of worship for the congregation will be supplied free of charge to Church School taking an offering for Student Summer Service by

THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS

287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Wet Florida

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

By Malcolm White

RAIN and muddy roads—that was my first impression of West Florida. Going south through Alabama, tire trouble was all that bothered us until we came close to the Florida line. Then came the rain and a detour onto a dirt road. A car slowed down as it passed us and the driver leaned out to advise us, "You can't get through. There is a steep hill ahead." The next person we met said that the road was impassable. We hopefully drove on until we reached the bottom of the hill. There we stopped for a minute of inspection. It was not very steep, but the grade was long and very muddy. The two boys and two girls with us took off their shoes and got out. I just hoped my shoes would not get too muddy. Slowly the car slid up the hill, aided by the five of us on the sides. Halfway up, the wheels began spinning and the car stalled. Shovelling the mud away from the wheels did not help. Some WPA workers and a truck came to our rescue as we backed down the hill cautiously in order not to wreck the trailer we had been dragging behind.

It rained every day but one during the two weeks I was in West Florida that summer. The children ran to Bible School between showers. They did not mind getting wet.

Last summer I was in West Florida for the larger part of three months, serving two churches. The rains came frequently, sometimes in floods. This put the people so far behind in their farm work during June that they were unwilling to have a Bible School until the crops were in better shape. July brought two weeks of almost ideal weather for our school.

The children from one family told me sorrowfully that they would not be able to come to Bible School as they lived more than four miles from the church. The previous year they had had less than a mile to walk and were among my most faithful pupils. I was pleasantly surprised to see them arrive promptly the first day of Bible School this summer. All but the youngest had walked the whole distance from home.

"If these children can make the trip every day for Bible School," I told myself, "I can make it at least once." And so I accepted an invitation to go home to dinner with them one noon.

That happened to be one of the

hottest days of the summer. Even the children suffered from the heat, mainly because they were barefooted. On their way to school in the morning they had left their shoes in the mailbox near home. Going back the road was burning hot. They found few trees to shade the ground and only an occasional clump of grass to cool their soles. Yet despite shoes and straw hat I suffered more from the heat than they did. But I walked on down the road, through the fields, over creeks, until we came to the cornfields surrounding the farmhouse. I took a drink of water from the well and sat down on the porch to cool off. It was all of twenty minutes before I felt like myself again. In the meantime the children who had made the walk with me were drawing water, helping with the dinner, and doing numerous other chores about the house. This family had difficulty getting to church and to social affairs because they owned neither car nor mule and wagon.

By accepting the warm hospitality of the Good Hope people I was soon on a friendly basis with their children. Every morning I had to come to Bible School at least half an hour early to be among the first-comers. I was amazed at the good behavior of the children. Not being a strong disciplinarian, 35 or 40 youngsters could be a terror if they were so inclined. These children had been trained to obey their parents and to show proper respect for

On the way to "wet Florida"

their minister and other people of recognized authority. Not even the wildest of the boys would think of disobeying or being impolite to a leader for whom he had any real respect.

Several of the girls and boys helped in the leadership of the school. The girls taught the Bible lesson to the younger children, and the boys took charge of building a new table for the church and a model church building of three-ply wood with "Good Hope Church" painted on it.

The building we were using was really an old schoolhouse which was abandoned when the children began going to town for school. The men of the community had put on a new roof and installed windows and constructed pews.

Every morning in our Bible School worship services we learned a new Bible verse. These pointed out the different places where people worshiped God, beginning with a simple shrine on a hilltop and ending with the plain but beautiful wooden churches which are characteristic of many regions of our country. Our model church, painted white, became the ideal for the future "Good Hope Church."

We tried to close our Bible School by eleven o'clock every morning so as to give the children time to walk home and help their parents with dinner, also because nearly every day it began raining about eleven-thirty. Twice practicing Bible dramas and volley ball games kept us so long that we were caught in the noon rains.

On Friday morning we were to have the last session of the Bible School when everyone was to finish his handwork and we would practice our Bible plays for the last time; then we were to have the Bible School picnic at the mill pond; and on the same night the closing exercises. The only tragedy during the morning was a missing watermelon which three brothers had brought for the picnic. They investigated the near-by woods and found the rinds buried. Pigs may have gotten the melon, they said, but they were sure that the guilty pigs were not four-footed.

Following a fine Southern custom, all the food for the picnic was spread on a table inside the millhouse, out of deference to threatening rain, which passed during dinner time. No one was to go in swimming for forty-five minutes after dinner. Small boys in overalls and bathing trunks lined the shore and ventured onto the end of the diving board, ready to plunge in. Every two minutes they asked the time. The suspense of the last quarter hour was terrible! At the end of the wait there was *one big splash.* Three hours later their older brothers and sisters began dragging the boys from the water. They protested, though their bodies were shivering and blue with cold.

The weather was still threaten-

Playtime at the Church of Good Hope

ing and the Martins (with whom I was staying) wondered if it was going to be possible for everyone to come to the program that night. Again the rains refrained and we had a crowded houseful. Everything went off more perfectly than one could imagine. The children sang their fun songs proudly for their parents' benefit. No one had a bad memory during the plays. Only one boy arrived late. He was sick! Once our best light failed, lacking kerosene. That was our only mishap. The children went home with their New Testaments, Books of Psalms, or certificates.

The worst rains came later on. The earlier bad weather ruined the peach crop, and badly damaged the vegetables. This meant that in the winter to come many families would have a very limited diet. The next heavy rain came when the corn was to be plowed for the last time. That being impossible, the farmers knew that there would be a slim crop of corn for feed for the animals and for cornmeal for the family table. But there was still the cotton.

The last rain, coming in August, reached flood proportions. Rivers burst their banks, washing away most of the bridges. For three days I was unable to receive or send mail. The cotton, the only "pay crop," was terribly damaged. One young farmer re-

ported, "I picked only a third as much cotton from this field as I did last year." Even with some government relief the people were in for a hard winter. A minister's wife said to me, "You are here just during the summer, but we have to stay all year." Although there was no reproach in her voice, I knew that hard though my summer had been, harder days were to come.

What was the Good Hope Church going to do about a minister? Superintendent F. P. Ensminger had arranged for Rev. and Mrs. M. D. Morgan to come from Alabama and be in the community until October. But how could these people even think about supporting a minister when they were going to have a hard time feeding themselves?

When Mr. Morgan arrived I found that, although elderly, he was young and progressive in his attitudes and I began praying that somehow the people would find it possible to call him. This the Good Hope and Pyroms Chapel Churches did in October. The people were so anxious to have a Sunday School, a Young People's Society and preaching services that they made a real sacrifice. That is the courage and faith that produced great pioneers in this country. And in such regions of the South the people are still living in frontier days.

Just before the splash

Recruits Needed in the Near East

THE American Board desires to make the following appointments as soon as suitable applicants can be found. Anyone desiring further information should write to the Candidate Department, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Turkey

(1) The American School at Tarsus in Southern Asia Minor requires a three-year term teacher (man) to replace one whose term closes in June, 1940. The candidate should have majored in English in college. His chief work will be instruction in the English language. The American teachers live on the campus and assist in extra-curricular activities.

(2) A registered nurse to join the staff at Azariah Smith Memorial Hospital at Gaziantep, Turkey (Southern Asia Minor). The new recruit should have had experience as laboratory technician, and be acquainted with blood chemistry and use of electrocardiograph, basal metabolism machine and ultra-violet and ultra-red lamps.

(3) A young woman to teach physical education and to direct sports and recreation for the American Academy for Girls at Scutari, Istanbul. This is a school of about 300 girls from the sixth grade through high school. The term of service is three years.

Bulgaria

(4) A woman social worker for the Orlinda Childs Pierce Memorial School and Community Center at Sofia. It is expected that she will assume the responsibilities of leadership and administration which must soon be laid down by one who has served many years. The social work at the Center includes baby welfare work, a hostel for young women students and business women, parent-teacher meetings, lectures, social gatherings and recreation in a crowded section of the capital.

With Gandhi and Others

FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF DOUGLAS AND CAROL HORTON

JANUARY 11, 1939. En route to Ahmednagar we stopped at the little village of Sirur, where Mr. Gaikwad is the Congregational bishop in charge. A large group of villagers were waiting for us, some of whom had come over thirty miles in their bullock carts for the meeting. The addresses by four village elders were translated to us in whispers as they spoke. Here was one more demonstration of the gratitude Indians feel for the coming of the Gospel.

In Ahmednagar in the evening D. H. went with the other men to a little funeral at the Church of the Lamb—the funeral of a child, the daughter of one of the leaders. When the casket was carried out of the church through the night to the cemetery the friends went with it, singing one of the Indian Christian hymns of victory. This is the faith that overcomes the world.

January 12, 1939. We were interested to see Mrs. Loy L. Long's industrial work this morning. She started it two years ago, using as capital money which had been given her for an icebox. She experimented with aloe, a plant which grows freely in this part of the country. By spinning and dyeing this fibre she has made it usable for many articles—purses, hats, belts, etc. The waste which was formerly thrown away makes attractive rugs and mats. Loy Long is experimenting with using the fibre for burlap fabric. This discovery bids fair to revolutionize the lives of many people in Ahmednagar who have been living in abject poverty.

At the little village of Shendi, where the church was celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, our meeting was held under a huge banyan tree. There must have been three hundred villagers sitting packed together on the ground outside the church. As darkness fell, the light from two or three lanterns threw into relief against the white church the figures of the leaders. The stars shone down through the branches and hanging roots of the tree, and little festoons of gay tissue paper fluttered on the evening breeze. The joy the young men and children have in singing bhajans is good to see. Even the babies try to beat time as their elders do. One of the older men, speaking of their debt to Christianity, emphasized the fact that now they were *men*, self-respecting

Temple near Poona

and respected, whereas before they had been only a despised caste.

January 13, 1939. After lunch we had a brief rest, a cup of tea for a bracer and then drove twenty odd miles to Vadala. Here the Robert Fairbanks are putting up a small hospital, maternity center, cottage system school, etc. There were at least 1,200 people present for the seventy-fifth anniversary of the church. After the meeting, a religious play was given on a stage built outside, but as it was likely to last two or more hours, none of us could stay to see it. We had our share of the rice and curry which had been prepared

for the 1,200, seated in long rows on the ground. That curry! Was it hot! You began to perspire when it was brought into the room—and you couldn't drink water after a mouthful to cool yourself off, since the water would turn into steam! We left the multitude enjoying themselves. We were told that they would watch the play out, talk and sing hymns until sunrise.

January 14, 1939. At the annual meeting of the Marathi Mission, it was interesting to hear the Indians express their views. What is wanted in the Church—and everywhere around the world we heard this repeated—is *spiritual* leaders. It is as easy in the Far East as in the United States for ministers to become engrossed in the business side of their jobs, but missionaries abroad as well as workers at home are realizing that they must develop the devotional side of their lives as well.

Late in the afternoon we drove the twenty-two miles to Rahuri with the Moultons. Here again the entire Christian community was drawn up and saluted us in the evening with candles, fireworks, and garlands.

January 15, 1939. In the first village to which we went, Mr. Moulton had recently baptized fifty members of the Mang caste. There were already some Christian Mahars in the village and they, who usually do not associate

An Indian cattle market

with Mangs, had been showing a fine spirit. About five men in the group were still delaying baptism for a rather interesting reason: In March every year the Mangs of this village celebrate the anniversary of a time, perhaps three hundred years ago, when there was an unusual friendship between a man and a Mahratta (another caste!). There is a great festival, people stream in, the two castes eat together and there are religious rites. Evidently the men who are delaying baptism feel that they cannot participate in this occasion after they have been baptized. Mr. Moulton hopes to discover their reasons and perhaps to utilize the good elements in the festival in some Christian form.

As we left the village, the children flocked after us holding our hands where they could, the women eager to shake hands—the poor untouchables!

At 4:30 we went to the little church, built by the people and with their own funds. D. H. preached, sitting cross-legged on the platform, Mr. Moulton interpreting. Both found it difficult to arise when the sermon was over!

January 27, 1939. We arrived at Surat at 3:40 a.m. and fell out of the train door only half awake with all our possessions. In the waiting rooms designed for our respective sexes, we rolled up in blankets until about 7:30. After breakfast we boarded a train at 8:30 for Bardoli, arriving there at 9:30 where we took a tonga for the ashram at which Gandhi was staying.

Here we met an apparent impasse. Mr. Gandhi was having his bath, to be followed by a massage, and could not see us until 11:30 at the earliest—and our train left at 10:43 to make the only connection of the day for Bombay. If we missed that, we should have to wait till the next morning, spending the night in the station—a prospect which did not appeal to us. Our faces must have betrayed our feelings, for the secretary who had talked to us said he would go in and consult the higher powers. Finally he reappeared and beckoned us to enter the smallest of the four or five little houses within the compound. Mr. Gandhi apparently lives and works there. We were met by a charming Indian woman with a most English accent. She said that Mr. Gandhi would hurry through his usual schedule in order to see us. On removing our shoes we were led into a bare little room at the side of which was a mattress on the floor covered with a gay India print, a low desk in front of it, and pillows at the back, newspapers ready for reading, a fountain pen, a bottle of ink, and a stethoscope on the desk.

We sat down and chatted with the Indian lady and with a pleasant man from South Africa, with whom Mr. Gandhi had lived

for twelve years when he was there. We talked about Tambaram, Negro music, Africa and what not, and the time went hurrying along—but no Mr. Gandhi. Finally, in he came, exclaiming "A thousand apologies!" We of course felt most apologetic ourselves, and after a minute of explaining that he had not known we would have to leave so quickly, he sat down behind his desk. A young man came in and took notes of our conversation. Instead of the emaciated person we had expected, we found Mr. Gandhi a man in radiant health and one of the most delightful conversationalists we ever met. We had been warned not to discuss missions, which Mr. Gandhi begins to fear because they may mean fewer votes for the Congress Party. When asked about his weekly day of silence and his techniques for using it, Gandhiji (as his Indian friends know him) was obviously pleased. He said that he had adopted the day of silence at first as a defense measure to keep him away from people and to give him freedom for his own pursuits. After a while he found the day acquiring a spiritual significance which it had not had at first. D. H. then asked what he would recommend as training for a young man who might come from America to study India, which is the first task for every new missionary. Mr. Gandhi suggested that the recruit from America spend a year at Tagore's Ashram and then, if he liked to work with his hands, take his second year at the Ashram at Wardha, over which Mr. Gandhi himself presides. During this part of the conversation C. W. H. sat with her eye on her watch, and her mind on the train—and when only four minutes remained until train time, we said a hurried goodby and ran for our tonga which was waiting. The driver whipped up his horses and we went through the main street of the village at a gallop. Fortunately the station was not far off; the train came in from one direction as we came in from another—and we made it.

January 28, 1939. It is a most pleasant experience to be in the home of the Thomases.

After lunch we went over to the church for the big service of celebration of one hundred and twenty-five years of American Board work in India. Dr. Hivale, who is moderator of the church, was on hand to welcome us. There were speeches of welcome from many dignitaries; responses, which in some cases were extremely long; and then, after music and a collection, the main speeches began—after the service had already lasted two hours. But we grow used to the Oriental custom of holding long services. Ralph Harlow was one of the last speakers. He was mercifully brief and to the point.

After tea we walked over to

the High School where we found over a thousand people seated in rows on the dusty ground ready for their rice and curry—a part of the celebration most welcome to them. We sat next to a very conservative Indian gentleman who delivered his opinion of Mr. Gandhi in forceful language. He held that the benefits to India of British rule were very great and that all Indians should be loyal to the Empire. The citizens of the larger industrial centers like Bombay seem to have much greater sympathy with the British than the men we met in the rural communities.

January 29, 1939. After visiting a church service held in one of the poorer sections on the outskirts of Bombay, we drove with the Thomas family to their favorite beach some miles away. Here a swim was the order of the day, after which we ate lunch sitting in one of the little spots of shade afforded by a clump of palm trees. In the evening there was a musical service in which the arrival of the missionaries and the growth of the Indian Church was dramatized by the use of Tilak's poetry. This kind of service is familiar to the Indians: Dr. Hivale believes there are great possibilities in it for Indian Christian worship.

January 30, 1939. Late in the afternoon we walked to the nearby Methodist Mission for an appointment with Dr. Ambedkar, the leader of the untouchables.

Waiting at a clinic

One of the ladies of the Mission there who is helping him in the writing of a book, gave us the opportunity of meeting him in a pleasantly informal way. We chatted about politics and about the place of the church in India. Dr. Ambedkar speaks perfect English, having taken his Ph.D. at Columbia. He was sent there by the Rajah of Mysore on a scholarship. John Dewey is his great inspiration. There are many people who hope that he will lead his huge group of followers from Hinduism to Christianity.

A school in Ahmednagar

At ten in the evening we went with Dr. Hivale to see an Indian movie which parodies some of Gandhi's ideas. It had to do with an Indian youth who was carried away with nationalistic fervor and took the vow of celibacy—which he later exchanged for the vows of matrimony. It made one realize again that though Mr. Gandhi's power is unbroken, there are many elements in India who do not follow him.

January 31, 1939. At three we went to the American High School. Mr. and Mrs. Ramdas, joint principals, seem to be a very fine couple with new and progressive educational ideas. After touring the class-rooms and witnessing some charming Indian dances, we went to the Ramdas' apartment to meet the teachers at tea.

At eight we drove to the Hivales for an Indian dinner with about twenty-five of the students of Wilson College. Mrs. Hivale had had students from different parts of the country prepare their typical dishes—so we had Marathi curry for one course and Southern India curry with plenty of pepper water for another. The dessert consisted of bananas, sour cream, and coconut toddy.

February 1, 1939. At 10:30 there was a big meeting at the High School to rename it the Hume High School in honor of the family which has given so many years to this part of India. After a speech by D. H., C. W. H. unveiled the new tablet. We left immediately after the ceremonies for the boat—and steamed away from India, the most interesting country in the world.

Miss Knapp Retires

THE *Herald* announces the retirement of Miss Grace H. Knapp, its capable manuscript editor for over seventeen years. She asked for this privilege of retiring in February after months of struggle with ill health. Her request was granted as of March 1st. She expects to make the Barton House in Auburndale, Mass., her permanent residence.

Miss Knapp began her work on the *Herald* in 1922, about the time the magazine was united with the periodicals of the three Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions. She quickly became indispensable to the Editor in the gathering of material for the magazine, the preparation of its "copy," and the reading of proof; also in matters pertaining to our editorial principles and policies. Much of the success of the *Herald* in the years 1929–1939 was due to her editorial sense and literary touch. The Editor is happy here to pay tribute to this efficient helper in missionary journalism.

Miss Knapp also did a memorable service in the Editorial Department of the American Board. Here she began her work in 1922. The following year found her editing the Board's *Annual Report* and later the *American Board Year Book*.

The latter under her management changed its character and contents completely. Instead of an "Almanac" it became a valuable handbook of reference, containing in small compass those lists of information about the Board, its history, missions, missionaries and institutions that anyone could need or wish to know.

Miss Knapp also, as Assistant Librarian of the American Board, attended to the details of caring for the Board's books and archives. For this she had special training in a college library. She was also the Board's patient, painstaking expert in research work. As such every year she attended to a constant stream of requests from all parts of America for information needed by writers of university theses, of biographies and histories.

Miss Knapp is not only a daughter of missionaries; she was a missionary herself, serving under the auspices of the Woman's Board of Missions many years in Turkey, the land of her birth. She also gave four years of her life in the work of the Near East Relief which did so much to salvage the remnant of her beloved Armenian people.

Some of her observations and experiences in war times in Turkey she has made available to the American public in a pamphlet which gave the "story of the siege and flight" in the hectic days when the Americans and Armenians had to flee for their lives, in *The Tragedy of Bitlis* (Revell) and in *An American Physician in Turkey*, in which she collaborated with Dr. Clarence D. Ussher of Van.

Miss Knapp's intimate knowledge of the missionary and his work, her genuine devotion to the Cause of Missions—these provided her with rare background for intelligent editorial service. She will be greatly missed, not the least by those who endeavor to attend to the thousand and one duties that were hers.

Our Preaching Missionary

(*Continued from page 4*)

honor among its members that they shall share in its redemptive and protective program.

"I see no reason why our Church should not be the greatest evangelizing force in the country.

"Let it be frankly said that neither missionary tours nor annual conventions, nor gifted men, nor liturgies, nor social enthusiasms, nor institutional activities will by themselves bring the people to our churches. The days of our mourning will be ended when the ever-marvelous Grace of God in Jesus Christ our Savior is preached incessantly in an atmosphere of eager enthusiasm and quickened anticipation; when all our members over the land will gather to the House of the Lord and seek the spirit and consecration of Him who said, 'For their sakes I sanctify myself.' "

Personals

Dr. Ferdinand Quincy Blanchard has just completed his twenty-fifth year as pastor of the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church in Cleveland, Ohio, and a dinner was given at the Cleveland Club for him and Mrs. Blanchard in honor of the anniversary.

"Dr. Blanchard has proved himself to be a wonderful workman, one who needs not to be ashamed, because he knows how to handle aright the word of truth. He adds to his knowledge the graciousness of a personality so well disciplined and so well motivated by the love of Christ that his leadership in pulpit and parish and city across the years must have brought to thousands of people refreshing draughts of living water."

All through his pastorate in Cleveland Dr. Blanchard has been closely identified with the administration of our national societies—particularly with the American Missionary Association which he served for twenty-eight years! For the past four years he has been on the Prudential Committee of the American Board.

In Georgia, **Rev. Gerald Smith** has resigned from Barnesville, Gaillard, and The Rock churches and has become pastor of Crest and Woodbury churches. **Rev. N. A. Long** has left Braselton, Bowman, Buford, and Oxford churches and has taken over the work of the churches at Bristol, Pearson, Baxley, and Waycross, formerly served by **Rev. Carl Parker,** who has become pastor of the churches at Hampton, Barnesville, and The Rock.

Miss Carolyn Sewall of Tientsin, China, had a stroke late in December, we were informed by cable. Not until recently have we received letters about her condition. The left side is paralyzed, but the doctors say the hemorrhage is over, and that the paralysis may considerably clear up. "We all realize that Carolyn's own attitude and spirit and faith are the greatest assets of all toward helping her physically," wrote Mrs. Robert Chandler at the time. "Her amazing ability to let go, relax, not worry, and her faith and quietness of heart, have kept her going. We just cannot know how much this will bring her back, and carry her again." On January 15, Lucia Lyons wrote that there had been great physical improvement and the blood pressure had dropped to the lowest point in several years. "She has spoken understandingly about various friends mentioned, inquired about others, and told me encouraging things about the work, without showing any anxiety or fretting because she is not able to go on with her part of it."

Miss Annie Lyon Howe, emeritus missionary of the American Board, has received the Blue Ribbon Decoration from the Emperor; it was bestowed in view of her long and devoted service in the kindergarten work in Japan.

Rev. Wayne H. Bowers has withdrawn from the active ministry in this country to devote his time preaching and lecturing on Spain, in behalf of the refugees from that

country to northern lands. He knows Spain well, having lived there from 1913 to 1928 in charge of the religious work, churches and schools of the American Board. After his return to this country he has often revisited Spain, keeping in touch with men and events, especially the Spanish pastors and teachers he knew so well. He would welcome correspondence with any club or church which would like to have him deliver one of his lectures.

Dr. Lorrin A. Shepard whose trip to the earthquake region in Turkey was reported in American papers, has returned to his hospital in Istanbul, the special emergency having passed. From Zara, where he left the two American nurses with a Turkish government doctor in a temporary relief hospital, Dr. Shepard, on horseback, because of roads blocked with snow, pushed on into the devastated area. He found dozens of villages unvisited. The primary need was first aid, and, wherever possible, getting the wounded to larger centers where they could be cared for adequately. There was an outpouring of aid from government and individual Turkish sources. Turkey is achieving a sense of social solidarity.

Rev. John T. Enwright has left the First Congregational Church of Greensboro, North Carolina, and has begun work in the Beecher Memorial Church of New Orleans, Louisiana. Mr. Enwright is a native of Alabama. He was ordained in 1932. He has a wife and family.

Rev. Wilmer P. Johnston became the pastor of the Collegeside Church at Nashville, Tennessee, on December 1. He has served pastorates previously at First Church, West Haven, Connecticut, and Pilgrim Church at Oak Park, Illinois.

Rev. Alford Chalk is the new pastor at Hot Sulphur Springs, Colorado.

Rev. Albert C. Walker has recently become pastor of the New England Parish of North Dakota. Mr. Walker is the son of Rev. James F. Walker, former superintendent of the Intermountain District. He was formerly pastor at Condon, Oregon.

Chronicle

APPOINTMENTS

Dr. William Winston Pettus, born in China, Yale 1933, and Yale Medical 1937, winner of the Parker Prize as having shown the best qualifications for a successful practitioner, has been appointed by Yale-in-China to the staff of the Hsiang Ya Hospital in Changsha, of which Dr. Phillips F. Greene is Director. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. William B. Pettus of Peking College of Chinese Studies, and the grandson of the late Dr. and Mrs. John Hyde DeForest of Japan. Mrs. Pettus is a nurse.

Miss Mary E. Carter of New York City, graduate of Talladega College in 1934, and for two years a public school teacher in Florida, has become matron of the girls' dormitory of Talladega College. **Mrs.**

Eliza Atkins Gleason, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, graduate—with an A.B.—of Fisk University, and with a B.S. from the University of Illinois; with an M.A. from the University of California, 1936; candidate, 1937–1939 for the Ph.D. from the University of Chicago; has become Librarian of Talladega College. She has been Research Assistant at the University of Chicago, Assistant Librarian in Louisville Municipal College for five years and head of the Circulation Department of the Fisk University Library for a year. She is a Fellow of the American Library Association. **Miss Margaret A. Hart,** of Williamstown, Massachusetts, with a B.S. from State Teachers College, North Adams, Massachusetts, and an M.A. from Teachers College of Columbia University, has become teacher of the first two grades in Sessions Elementary Practice School of Talladega College. She had taught three years at George P. Phenix School at Hampton Institute. **Miss Beulah A. Marr,** B.A., Tougaloo College, in the employ of the American Missionary Association for nineteen years, has become Secretary to the Comptroller. **Harold C. Nichols** of New York City, B.A. Bard College, M.A. Teachers College, Columbia University, has become teacher of Latin and English in Drewry Practice High School, Talladega College. He has been teacher of Physical Education, of Religious Education, and of English in various New York schools. **Miss Tessie E. Thompson** of New Orleans, who has studied at Southern University, Xavier University, and Southern School of Commerce, has become Secretary to the Registrar.

ARRIVED FROM THE FIELD

Dr. Charlotte Burgis DeForest arrived February 4 in Los Angeles from Japan, where she has been president of Kobe College for many years. She was the daughter of Dr. John DeForest, the missionary to Japan—whose biography she has published. She received her B.A. from Smith College in 1901, her M.A. in 1907, and was honored by it in 1921 with the degree of L.H.D.

In 1903 she was appointed to the Japan Mission and taught in Kobe College. Honored by the invitation to be the first president of the Tokyo Woman's Christian College, she declined at the earnest request of the Mission and accepted the presidency of Kobe College which the resignation of Dr. Susan Searle had left vacant. Her familiarity with the language, her friendly understanding of the people and love for her students, together with her ability to meet each problem as it arose, has made her an ideal leader at a time of swift growth of the institution and changes in its curriculum, together with its removal to a new location and the erection of its many new buildings. Her vitality has been strained to the utmost, and it is under doctor's orders she now returns to America, worn out with overwork.

Rev. Arthur F. Christofersen of Ifafa, Natal, South Africa, arrived in Boston on March 3rd.

He will join his wife and four of their children at Naperville, Ill. They arrived last August.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Maynard arrived in Tarsus, September 20, to join the staff of the American College.

Rev. and Mrs. Gifford H. Towle arrived in Bombay, India, December 16, joining the Marathi Mission.

BIRTHS

To **Rev. and Mrs. Amel Whitwer** of Cando and Leeds, North Dakota, a son, Jon Roger, was born November 9, 1939.

To **Rev. and Mrs. Lewis L. Gilbert** of Tehchow, North China, a daughter was born on February 2.

MARRIAGES

Capitolia T. Dent, Director of Community Extension work in Talladega College, was married in November to Rev. Samuel R. Newbern, Presiding Elder of the Birmingham (Ala.) District of the Colored Methodist Church.

Helen Bernice Allen, Secretary to the Comptroller of Talladega College, has married Cecil B. Reeves at Nashville, Tennessee.

Tessie G. Miller, instructor in Physical Education for Women at Talladega, has married Robert C. Adams in Chicago.

DEATHS

Mrs. Jenny A. White, widow of the late Rev. Frank N. White of the A. B. C. F. M. and A. M. A., died at Parkersburg, West Virginia, on January 2, aged 82.

Rev. Norrison Everett Hannant, for many years a home missionary pastor and a great, great, great grandson of Benjamin Franklin, died at Broadview, Montana, on February 11.

In Memoriam

Mary Mills Patrick, Ph.D., L.L.D., Litt.D., died at the age of 89, February 25, in Palo Alto, California. She was appointed by the American Board in 1871 to Turkey and taught for six years in Erzerum. Then she went to the W. B. M. School in Constantinople, becoming its head in 1883. She next bent all her efforts, while supported by The Woman's Board of Missions (Boston) to transforming it into a college. It received its charter as "The American College for Girls at Constantinople" in 1890 from Massachusetts and she was its president for thirty-four years. The college remains the only institution for higher learning for women in Turkey, and, as the Istanbul Woman's College, with its student body of 400, it looks out over the Bosphorus, a monument to its founder, Dr. Patrick. When she ended in 1924 her teaching career, she brought to America the Imperial Order of the Shefakat, and many other honors, and received from Columbia University the honorary degree of Litt.D. She had written a number of books on Near East subjects, and also her autobiography.

Born in Canterbury, New Hampshire, she studied at Lyons College, Iowa, for two years, at the University of Iowa, where she earned her Master of Arts degree, and at Heidelberg, Zurich and Leipzig.

Rev. Harry E. Peabody nearly fifty years ago applied to the American Board for service in China. There was no opening at the time—his son Stephen later, however, fulfilled his ambition—so he asked the home boards to send him to the

hardest assignment they had, which was Trinidad, Colorado. He served as assistant in a New Haven (Conn.) church, was pastor for ten years in the Windsor Avenue Church of Hartford, then for eight years in South Church, Chicago. In 1917 he went to the church in Appleton, Wisconsin. During his eighteen years' pastorate there 1336 members joined the church which he served with unique distinction: he carried on and broadened its best traditions; he was a preacher eloquent in his simplicity and sincerity; was a crusader in worthy causes, a public spirited citizen, a progressive thinker with a vigorous intellect (often revealed at the Elcho Ministers' Retreats in Wisconsin), year after year a leader in the young people's conference at Green Lake. Devoted, faithful, dependable, with a wise and disciplined enthusiasm, his counsels were always to be trusted and he was held in a confident affection by all his fellow workers, whom he treated with a graciousness and cordiality that went at once to their hearts. He had a mind and spirit that were open, forward-looking; to the very last he adventured along newer and larger fields of experience. He devoted every ounce of his strength to his work—and he was strong: on the University football team at Harvard and an all-round athlete.

Harry Peabody resigned from the Appleton Church in 1935 and has made his home of late at Pilgrim Place, Claremont, California, where he died January 16. He has never forgotten his love of the American Board: he was a Prudential Committee member for a year and a Corporate Member-at-Large for many years. It must have been a comfort to him in his last days to have had his missionary son, Stephen, now minister in San Jose, at least in the same state with him. A phrase of his uttered years ago seems to fit the events of this year: "It has been a challenging task to preach the timeless gospel of Christ. Only this gospel can save the nations."

Dr. Tasuku Harada, formerly president of Doshisha University, died in Kyoto, Japan, on February 20, 1940 at the age of 76. He had attended the University when young, came there into contact with some of the members of the Kumamoto Band, and, largely through their influence, accepted Christ. After graduating from Doshisha he taught in the Kobe Girls' College, meanwhile carrying on the studies of the Theological School of Doshisha by himself. He graduated with his class in 1884. After serving as pastor of the Kobe Congregational Church for four years, he came to the United States and attended Chicago Seminary and Yale Divinity School. On completing his studies he was appointed delegate to the first International Congregational Council in London. The next few years he devoted to the ministry, also acting as editor of one magazine and joint editor of another, both religious. In 1907 he was called to become president of Doshisha. Three years later the University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. Doshisha added to its departments during his presidency—which was concluded in 1919—and advanced far in many other ways. He achieved great success as a lecturer when touring in India and China; he gave the Hartford-Lamson Lectures at Hartford Seminary and gave portions of these lectures at

Harvard, Yale, Chicago, Cornell, Oberlin, and Amherst—from which he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He became president of the Japanese Christian Endeavor Union, and of the Japanese Council of Kumiai Churches. He was one of the strong and well balanced leaders of the Christian movement in Japan, standing in the front rank of Japanese Christians, as pastor, writer, and educator.

Mrs. Willard Watson Wheeler (Ellen P.) who died July 26, 1939, in her ninety-seventh year, worked for years under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. At the close of the Civil War she and her husband were in Harpers Ferry working among the newly freed colored people. Soon after, they went to Berea, Kentucky, where they were among the first teachers. In Wisconsin she was teacher in the Indian field under the Lake Superior Agency 1874–1877, and under the Green Bay Agency 1877–1879, she was matron and her husband was teacher—as he was for a year under the Fort Berthold Agency.

Mrs. Wheeler was matron for a time at Orange Park, Florida; then at Straight University, New Orleans; and from 1904–1905 at Pleasant Hill Academy.

Born in New York State, she moved to Michigan when quite young; for the last fifteen years or so she has had her home with her son William Wheeler in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Evelyn Fothergill Clarke, formerly of the Zulu Mission, died May 22, 1939, but through some mistake we have but recently learned of her passing. She was born of missionary parents in Cape Province, South Africa, on September 17, 1875. She was of Friends' ancestry and attended the Friends' schools in England, later graduating from St. Andrews University in 1898. She spent a year at Columbia University on one of her furloughs, 1923–1924.

She was located 1912–1914, at Adams, South Africa, where she taught in the Normal School of the Institute which has since become Adams College. She became a teacher at Inanda Seminary in 1915, a year later taking the position of principal, which she held until 1923. Two important buildings, Industrial Hall and Phelps Hall, were erected during that period; members of her family, one of them the missionary, Minnie Clarke, gave largely toward these and other additions; only one of them is now living, Miss Bertha Clarke, active in helpful work.

Miss Evelyn Clarke, write her co-workers, "was a noble character, a priceless friend, a woman of God. Of the influence of her life and of her teaching, spiritual as well as secular, we catch some happy glimpses now and look for abundant sheaves when the harvest is in."

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from Investments from June 1, 1939 to January 31, 1940	$52,714.86
Month of February, 1940 .	3,258.03
Total for 9 months ended February 29, 1940 . .	$55,972.89

American Missionary Association Division
The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches
WILLIAM T. BOULT, *Treasurer*

The General Council of the Congregational and Christian Churches

287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Moderator: Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

Secretary Emeritus: Rev. C. E. Burton — *Secretary and Minister:* Rev. Douglas Horton

Associate Secretary: Rev. F. L. Fagley — *Treasurer:* Mr. A. Y. Meeker

The General Council is a voluntary organization to provide for mutual counsel and inspiration. It gives unity to national organizations in that the voting membership of the Council constitute the majority membership of the Home and Foreign Boards, making joint action possible.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Congregational House, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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Executive Vice-President: Rev. Fred Field Goodsell — *Treasurer:* Harold B. Belcher

Recording Secretary: Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

The American Board maintains missions in East, West and South Africa, China, Japan, India, Ceylon, the Philippines, Micronesia, Mexico, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece and Syria.

In nearly all fields, in spite of reduced appropriations and depleted staff, the work has moved forward. In South Africa exploitation, the race issue, and the social effects of industrialization have created many problems. In the Far East the war clouds hover, and life is regimented. Christian living is difficult. Nationalism is hindering progress in some countries. The spirit of evangelism is especially strong in the Philippines and in West Africa. In India the five-year plan is producing encouraging results.

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

General Offices, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

President: Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown

Vice-Presidents: Rev. H. S. Hardcastle, Mrs. Charles E. Reidt, Rev. George C. Vincent

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Secretary: Rev. Ernest M. Halliday

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches has been appointed as agent by each of the Congregational Home Missionary Societies. The field work of these corporations is now administered by this one Board, but the original corporations are still in existence and hold title to their own assets. Any bequests, therefore, may properly be made directly to these corporations, or to the Board of Home Missions. The essential work of the Board of Home Missions is to preach and teach and to help others to preach and teach the Gospel of Christ.

The Council for Social Action

287 Fourth Avenue, New York — 19 So. La Salle Street, Chicago

Chairman: Rev. Alfred W. Swan

Treasurer: Elbert A. Harvey — *Executive Director:* Rev. Dwight J. Bradley

The Council for Social Action represents the churches in the fields of social research, education and action. It seeks to serve the churches, and to help the churches serve the nation and the world in the areas of social strain—international, industrial, racial and rural.

Missions Council of the Congregational and Christian Churches

14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. — 287 Fourth Ave., New York City — 19 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Chairman: Rev. Vaughan Dabney — *Associate Executive Secretary:* Mrs. William H. Medlicott

The Missions Council is constituted by the Prudential Committee of the American Board and the Board of Directors of the Board of Home Missions under authority of the General Council to effect a unified program of missionary education and promotion. The support of our Mission Boards depends upon current gifts, legacies and the income from invested funds. Local churches may ordinarily secure information directly from their own state office. Persons not knowing to whom to write locally are invited to communicate direct with the Missions Council, for literature, educational plans, slides, speakers, and information.

Pacific School of Religion
1798 Scenic St.
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This is the purpose of the Board of Home Missions. Through it life-stirring interpretations of the Christian faith and more effective educational methods are carried to 6000 churches and church schools, to over 80 young peoples summer conferences and to innumerable other youth gatherings. Working in a great variety of ways, the entire staff of the Board is devoted to this task.

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March and April have been assigned for the presentation of the work of Home Missions and for the solicitation of personal contributions from interested individuals. Your gifts will help to build a better America.

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The Board of Home Missions

287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

WILLIAM F. FRAZIER, Executive Vice-President
WILLIAM T. BOULT, Treasurer